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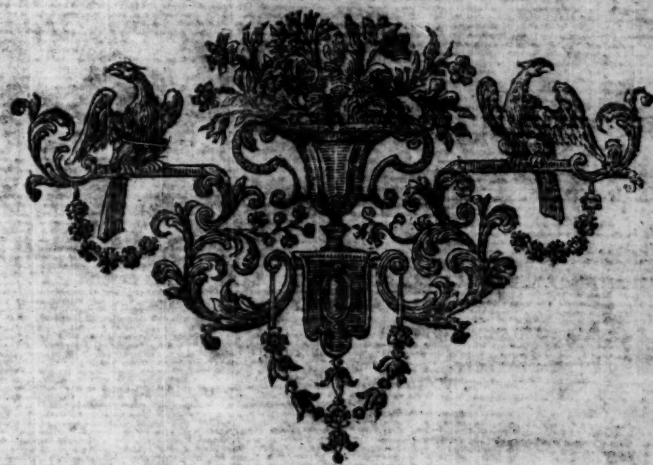
A
9
RENCOUNTER
AT A
MASK-BALL,

BETWEEN
A PRINCESS of the BLOOD,
in *France*,

AND A
Handsome Lawyer's CLERK.

—*Quid deceat, non videt ullus amans.*

OVID.



L O N D O N:

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A
R E N C O U N T E R
A T A
M A S K - B A L L, &c.

The C L E R K.

I.



H Princess of a Race divine!
For mortals was such bliss in store?
Could such a bliss, I say, be mine?
To have amus'd where I adore?
Would I could hold this dear disguise
That I from you might never part!
You are the Goddess of my heart,
And all my life is in your eyes.
How can that Pow'r enough be prais'd
That in the joys it gave,
Twice to the rank of Gods has rais'd
An ordinary slave?

II.

If I've presum'd to discompose you,
 Say! will you not forgive my daring?
 'Tis on your goodness I repose me,
 Though I must own my crime is glaring.
 Yet were I for my crime to die,
 At least the risk was meritorious;
 And my success by far too high,
 Not to pronounce my rashness glorious.
 What if your pity might betray you,
 Yourself thus to abase,
 The adoration, see! I pay you,
 Returns me to my place.

III.

This night, which lo! so quickly wanes,
 Must my sublime adventure end,
 Thence to begin those contrast-pains,
 That on the loss of Joys attend.
 You, daughter of the Gods!—no more
 I may but in those regions see,
 In which the Thunder's kept in store
 For mortals who have dar'd like me.
 No near approach must bless these eyes:
 Return, alas! you must;
 Return into your native Skies,
 And I into the Dust!

The

The P R I N C E S S,

Her ANSWER.

I.

TOO seriously have you amus'd,
 And forc'd my weakness to unfold;
 No farther Art must now be us'd,
 In *me* your Princess you behold.
 I quit with pleasure my disguise;
 Yes! beauteous Youth; not less than Gods,
 Might own that such a tongue and eyes,
 On your side almost place the odds.
 You could alone my pride subdue,
 Yet from reproaches save.
 No! no! I ne'er can see in you
 An ordinary slave.

II.

You've risk'd, 'tis true, a dang'rous part
 To lift your hopes so high as me,
 Yet my acceptance of your heart
 Should from repentance set you free.
 Come then, and merit at my shrine,
 That I your boldness should forgive,
 Whilst heedless of my Race divine,
 I seal your leave, to love, and live.

My own desires your sanction prove,
 And pass your Act of Grace,
 Whilst my return of equal love
 Puts all things in their place.

III.

Dread not *Ixion's* tort'rous State,
 Nor pains that hapless love endures :
 Hope *you* may dare a milder fate :
Endymion's blissful Joys be yours.
 If not amongst the Gods, yet near ;
 My Idol-boy, I mean to keep,
 Where pleasure-lull'd, and void of fear,
 Safe from their thunder he may sleep.
 Love a new sacrifice shall see :
 By distance of our birth,
 Since you're debar'd the Skies with me,
 I'll stay with you on Earth.

F I N I S.

